THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ON MATRIMONY.

O thou sweet passion! whose blest charm connects,
In heaven's own ties, the strong and feebler sex,
Shed thy soft empire o'er the willing mind,
Exalt, adorn, and purify mankind.

HUMPHREYS.

It would, upon a transient view of the subject, appear to be a very superfluous labour, a work of entire supererogation, to say aught in recommendation of wedlock, of that blissful union of the "strong and feebler sex," which strews the path of life with its sweetest flowers; that partnership in joy and in sorrow, which doubles the first and alleviates the latter. One would imagine the love of society, the fondness for companions in pain and in pleasure, which is implanted in our nature, would be a sufficient inducement to the formation of this tender and sacred connection. But when we look around us, we see on all sides numbers of comparatively useless beings, who are passing along through time in cheerless singleness.—It was not thus in the early settlement of our country; but our increase in wealth, and its concomitant luxury, has occasioned this deplorable deviation from the wise conduct of our fathers; by luxury, I mean indulgence in things which do not immediately contribute to the happiness of life. Too many of the young men of the present day are unwilling to marry until they have accumulated a sufficient stock of the good things of this world, to enable them to live not only agreeably but elegantly. They are not satisfied with comfort, they must have gentility. This is not very quickly atchieved; our desires keep pace with our acquisition; the higher we ascend the mount of affluence, the further we see into the regions of fictitious gratification; the fairest portion of our days is consumed in making needless provisions for unreal wants; and when we have in this manner run half our race to the grave, we are little disposed to take the care of a family. But allowing this anxiety to add house to house, and field to field, to be proper and commendable, a wife prudently chosen, instead of being an obstacle to the progress of any, would greatly further his advancement in the way to wealth. Are you a tradesman? get married; a wife will be an additional inducement to diligence in your calling, and the diligent hand maketh rich; you will have fewer temptations to spend your earnings foolishly, and the time which might otherwise be idly squandered, and which is more valuable than money, will be agreeably passed in her society. Are you a farmer? get married. A wife is cheaper than a house-keeper, her industry will assist you in many ways, and your children will soon share and lighten your labour. Caled arose early in the morning, while the horizon was yet glistening with stars; he saddled his ass and took the way to the city. Wealth, said Caled, as he journeyed along, is the grand object which all are eagerly pursuing; doubtless then it must confer happiness. In the great city, I as well as others may probably amass treasure; then will I exchange my ass for a camel, this rustic habit for silken garments, and take to myself a wife of the daughters of affluence; then shall pleasure delight the soul of Caled, and his moments fly on the wings of rapture. Thus said Caled as he drew near to the habitation of the venerable Hafez. Whither, my son, said Hafez, art thou wandering, and why do I see the clouds of discontent hang lowering on thy brow? Seekest thou wealth in the haunts of the multitude? Alas! hast thou considered how few succeed in the chase of this imaginary good, in comparison with the many who eat the bitter bread of disappointment. But should the sun of prosperity guide thy paths, should thy flocks be numerous as the flocks that whiten the mountains of Chorasin, and thy camels as the camels of the great king, would these bring happiness to thy dwelling? Far from it. She presides not in the feasts of luxury; she reposes not in the hall of splendor. When the bloom of thy youth is over, when the darkness of the grave is hovering around thee, then wilt thou find too late, that thou hast gathered the thorns of care for the roses of joy. Return, then, Caled, return to the cottage by the mountain, and cultivate the fields of thy fathers. Is not Zelida beautiful as the morning, her breath sweet as the odour of new-blown roses, and her temper mild as the moon-light, sleeping on the vales of Arando? Take her to thy bosom; her presence will stimulate thy industry, and her smiles reward thy labour; her activity and neatness will render thy abode delightful, and thy heart will be gladdened at the sight of thy home.—When thy nerves are racked with anguish, when the infirmities of old age shall enfeeble thy frame, she will watch over thy slumbers, and prevent thy wishes with the assiduity of unabated affection; her piety and faith will awaken and confirm, thy own, and the children of your children shall rise up and call you blessed.—Caled pondered on the words of Hafez, and turned his face homewards.

S. I. S.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Written after reading a letter announcing the death of a young man, in the Yellow Fever, at Norfolk in Virginia, who was engaged to an acquaintance of the writer.

This goodly world, so beauteous and so fair,
The work of Wisdom, feels no trivial share,
Of trial, sorrow, mis'ry, grief and pain,
That scarce the wounded bosom can explain.
But, suffering virtue! wheresoe'er thou art,
Do not despair, tho' with a bleeding heart:

Couldst thou thy part, as Heaven the whole surveys,
Perhaps thy sighs might rise to songs of praise.

In youth's fair morn, when tender hearts unite,
The prospect opens with supreme delight:
Distrust retires; life wears her lovelest hues,
And brilliant hope her path with roses strews;
While future years in long perspective rise,
Without a cloud to stain the smiling skies.
So met the pair whose tale the muse essays,
Love shed its influence o'er their early days;
Constant and kind at eve's soft fall they meet,
Till time produc'd the sacred promis'd sweet.
But lo! while thus their mutual minds agree,
The youth look'd frequent to the alluring sea,
Yet once again, my Mary! let me go,
Our lives shall then a blissful union know.

Reluctant now with silent grief they part;
The youth respectful holds her to his heart:
Their last embrace some crystal drops allow'd,
Like rainbow tears beneath a falling cloud.

Now to his ship the sad commander hies,
Collects his crew, the eastern breezes rise,
His sails expand, he leaves his native isle
While Mary's parting looks his cares beguile;
And still he turns advancing o'er the main,
To that blest hour when they shall meet again.
Illusion all! for they must meet no more:
The vessel hovers on Rapp'hannoc's shore,
The hapless captain seeks the infected quay,
And bears unknown, the seeds of death away.
Now through his frame the livid fever spreads,
While from the conflict languid life recedes;
His mournful comrades bending o'er his bed,
Their tears around their dying master shed.
And when him breathless to the tomb they bore,
Again they weep—their sorrows stream the more.
Beneath her own paternal roof the maid
Now lives retired; the sea she oft survey'd,
And many a long and wishful look she gave
While sunk the sun beneath the golden wave.
Oft to relieve the hours of anxious thought
For the dear youth, her skilful fingers wrought
Some pleasing token of her tender care,
Which he, when she should call him hers, should wear.
But ah! to him no nuptial robe's allow'd,
For all he wanted was the mournful shroud!

Where is the heart to nature's feelings true,
But loves to feed on the delightful view?
Affection pictures on our future days,
When wedded love around our hearth shall blaze?
When home shall all our happiest hours employ,
And the full soul shall overflow with joy.
While Mary thus the pleasing hope sustains,
The dying youth forgetful of his pains
Looks back to her upon a distant shore,
Conscious that he must see her face no more.
Form'd as we are by thee, *Almighty Power!*
Thy love, I trust, sustain'd the trying hour,
When far beyond the unmeasurable sea,
The youth remembering *her*, look'd up to *thee*.
Oh! let *thy* love sustain, of *his* bereft,
The tender maid in silent sorrow left;
Let not affliction, heavy and severe,
Press on her heart beyond what it can bear:
But let the trials of a feeling mind,
Some lonely months to tender grief assign'd,
In thy pure will a sweet asylum find.

THOS. WILKINSON.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A BIRTH-DAY REFLECTION.

(By J. H. deceased.)

Come, my soul, retired from the world, and all its commotions and delusive pleasures, dedicate in silence this evening to instructive meditation.

How solemn is it, seriously to reflect on the silent lapse of time!—Seven and twenty suns have run their annual course, since thou wast called into being.—Thus, already has passed more than an equal share of a longer life than thou hast reason to expect:—and what hast thou done! important is the consideration!

A few years back, thou wast but an infant, enveloped in all the shades of ignorance; now arrived to the state of manhood, thou art busied in the various scenes of life:—and many years cannot elapse, ere this frail body must return to native dust, and the immortal spirit ascend before the awful Judge, to receive a retribution according to the actions, in which thou art now daily engrossed.—Oh then, cast around thee an eye of solicitude, and see what thou art doing; how thy accounts stand!

The Lord's providence hath been stretched over thee; he hath favoured thee with many blessings; art thou living answerably to his benevolent regard?—Year after year, fraught with renewed mercies, hath passed over thy head.—Let therefore no murmur ever enter thy heart; but, sensible of unmeriting weakness, let deep humility and gratitude influence every thought and action.

A large portion of thy life has passed; and Oh! how little hast thou done in the master's vineyard.—Many of thy former companions and near connections, since thou attainedst the years of understanding, have been removed from works to rewards,—Thou art still continued in probation.—That thy time is thus extended; that thou art favoured with an opportunity of preparing for the solemn change; esteem thou as an unspeakable mercy.

O remember with shame, thy former inactivity and unwatchfulness; thy former self-willedness and disobedience, and anxiously strive to double thy diligence, that no future day or hour may pass unimproved.

Lord! guard my life.—O animate me to run the race thou hast set before me! Create in me a clean heart, and renew within me a right spirit.—Teach me to number my days, that I may see how frail I am. Finally, O be pleased, through all the perils of my journey here, to preserve me so chaste and upright, so obedient in all things to thy holy will, that I may be strengthened to stand before thee undismayed, in thy great and terrible day of judgment.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

J. F. to H. P. at Rushwick, in reply to a letter from her, on the subject of Matrimony.

MY SWEET LITTLE COUSIN,

'Tis certainly kind,
Of the comforts of wedlock to put me in mind:
You ask what perfections I'd wish in a wife,
With permission to choose me a *partner for life;*
I'll describe your commission as near as I can,
Find me *such a woman,* and *I am her man.*

First, her age—she must be between thirty and twenty,
The latitude given I hope will content ye:
Then for height—any thing between five and six feet;
If about the half way we shall just be mouth meet:
For dimensions, I think it a matter of *weight,*
As I'm *little* myself, she should not be too great;
Having hitherto dwelt in the freedom of life,
I would not at last be o'erwhelm'd with a wife;
But if to decide on, you must have some grounds,
In no wise exceed six or seven score pounds:—
On the style in which wifey intended to live,
Should her fortune depend, and the portion she'd give;
If determin'd to dress, dash-away, cut a figure,
Her income, you know, must be so much the bigger;
(Tho' there is what exceeds all ideas of wealth,
The smiles of good humour, and blushes of health,)
But if on this head which some think of great moment,
You would have me exactly define my *propoment:*
For our civil list charges (having done for the best,)
If she furnish one-fourth, I'll engage for the rest.
As for person or face, whether rough or smooth feature,
I care not a straw so it beam with good nature.
With regard to her eyes, be they black brown or blue,
Is all one to me, so she's not more than two;
For being myself little short of purblind,
I shall not look too closely her failings to find;
But whatever perfection belong to my lass,
I shall view with both eyes, and perhaps "cock my glass:"
Her complexion—no matter if dark or if fair,
Nor the length of her nose, nor the hue of her hair:
With such trifles as these little fault should I find,
If the rays of good sense but illumin'd her mind;
With soft peace, gay good humour, and cheerfulness bless'd,
Contentment be ever enthron'd in her breast;
When the goddess Hygeia shall bless us with leisure,
Together to walk or ride out at our pleasure;
Or if to the house by dull weather confin'd,
Not clouds, but calm sun-shine within doors to find;
With books or in converse the evening to spend,
Or in rapture addressing our thoughts to a friend;
For extending our friendship ne'er makes it the less,
But desire still enlarges our powers to bless.
Nor worlds from such treasure should tempt me to part,
For pity—true pity, must soften her heart:
And if pain, which I war with, should ever subdue me,
Her tender regard would support and renew me,
By the "cords of affection" thus closely united,
Afflictions ordain'd, not afflictions invited!
Affection would strengthen should sorrow o'ertake us,
And happy in spite of small troubles would make us.
Her religion should not be a system exclusive,
Nor conceited and proud, of all systems abusive:
Not made up of forms, of long prayers or grimaces,
Nor pinning its faith upon hypocrite faces;
But active and ardent, producing good fruits,
Such as never proceed from decay'd and dead roots;
Embracing each honest and true-hearted brother,
Of one sect of Christians as well as another—:

Not standing aloof, but dispos'd still to bend,
Humanity's patron, humility's friend;
Not inclin'd on the rights of the meanest to trample,
But commending good works by the force of example.

One article more, I must strongly insist on,
Which tho' of importance I'd very near miss'd on;
Should Providence bless us with sweet little creatures,
Whose innocent souls so beam forth in their features,
That sure we may fancy without any pride,
To the angels themselves were nearly allied;
These cherubs of love she must nurse and attend,
Nor be only their *mother*, but parent and friend,

Thus I've ventur'd to picture the girl to my mind,
If you such a prize in your travels should find,
I agree sign and seal without other condition,
To intrust to your care this important commission.
On your taste, skill and judgment I've the firmest reliance,
Nor doubt on my part with a cheerful compliance.
Find me but the woman as soon as you can,
And without hesitation J. F. is *her man.*

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

I think I have somewhere read in the writings of the close-reasoning Locke, a remark importing, That in philosophical disquisitions, it is requisite to affix to those terms we make use of, certain clear and definite ideas, and to keep uniformly to them, throughout our investigation;—I could have wished several late writers in your paper had observed this rule; and I think ZETESIS would hardly have made use of *fire* and *heat* as synonymous terms, and at the same time tell us, his own ideas are, that one is the active cause and principle, and the other only the effect; and SPECULATOR would hardly have made frequent use of the term *material fire*, without defining to his readers what idea he meant to affix to it. At one time we have him speaking of *fire* as a distinct fluid substance, of *heat* as another, and of *flame* as a third; at another of *material fire*, *luminous heat*. Does he mean the same thing by *material fire*, as *elementary fire?* Or does he suppose a distinct subtle fluid substance, is not *material?* But of this hereafter. If I understand ZETESIS, in his second query, it stands thus; "Is it *(fire)* a property of matter, generally to receive motion, by being brought in contact with *fire?*",

That there is a property in matter generally to receive motion, by coming in contact with common fire, is evident; but how can this property be *fire*, and be inherent in matter generally, without that matter being always in contact with its own inherent property (fire)? and therefore cannot be said, to be brought in contact with it.

I am induced to suppose, that possibly, both ZETESIS and SPECULATOR, may have fallen into some inaccuracy, if not confusion, in their ideas on this subject, for want of attending to a necessary distinction, made by those philosophers, who hold *fire* to be a distinct elementary substance.

According to these writers, *fire* is distinguished into two kinds, 1st. *pure*, or *elementary fire*, which is said to exist in itself, and to be a constituent part of natural bodies. This is by some latter writers denominated *absolute heat*, and by others, as Priestly, &c. Phlogiston.

2d. *Common*, or *culinary fire*, is that existing in ignited bodies, or excited in combustible matter; and is that we ordinarily call fire, being cognizable by the senses.

Pure, or *elementary fire*, is defined by Boerhaave, to be a body *sui generis*, created such *ab origine*, unalterable in its nature and properties, and not either producible, *de novo*, from any other body, nor capable of being received into any other body, or of ceasing to be *fire*.—This *pure*, or *elementary fire*, is therefore of itself wholly imperceptible by the senses, and discoverable only by the effects which it produces on natural bodies. These effects are, *sensible heat*, *dilatation*, *rarefaction*. Hence *common* or *culinary fire*, and *sensible heat* appear to me one identity, differing only in degree, or modification, and neither of them a *distinct*, elementary substance; but both merely the effect of *pure*, or *elementary fire*.—Thus, says Newton, what is iron heated to a certain degree, that is, red hot, but fire? And what is burning coals, but red hot wood, and flame but red hot smoke.

Is not *culinary*, or *common fire*, always produced by the increase of sensible heat? And does not the increase of sensible heat, in combustible matter, always become common fire? Thus the rubbing of two sticks together, first produces *warmth*, then *sensible heat*, then *common fire*, then *smoke*, and lastly *flame*. If a quantity of moist vegetables be thrown into a large heap, and pressed close together, the result will be, they will first grow *warm*, then *hot*, then *smoke*, and lastly break out in *common fire* and *flame*.

The effects of the rays of the sun collected by a burning lens, on combustible matter, is the same; first *warmth*, then sensible *heat*, then *smoke*, then *culinary fire*, and lastly *flame*. Hence it appears rational to conclude, that *warmth*, *sensible heat*, *smoke*, *common* or *culinary fire*, and *flame*, are all but the effect of one active cause or principle, viz. *pure*, or *elementary fire*.—No instance I believe can be produced of *culinary fire* without *sensible heat*; the reason is obvious, *fire* being the higher degree of the same effect; whereas every day furnishes instances of *sensible heat*, even in combustible bodies, without *culinary fire*; but in every one of them, sufficiently increase the degree, and it becomes *fire*.

The effect of *pure*, or *elementary fire*, on most solid bodies, is not only *sensible heat*, but *expansion* or *dilatation*; and in all fluids, *rarefaction*. It is stated by SPECULATOR, that if the sun heated the earth by its effluent fire, our temperature would depend altogether on its actual distance; and as it is something nearer to us in winter than summer, we should look for its being hotter, &c. This seems a positive assertion, advanced with much confidence; and yet I am inclined to think it far from being correct. Has this writer forgotten, that it is an invariable and well known law in mechanics, that a moving body striking perpendicularly on another, acts on it with all its force; and that a moving body striking obliquely on another, acts with the less force, the more it deviates from the perpendicular direction; and the rays of the sun, moving in right lines, must observe the same law, and consequently the force of their acting on the earth, must be according to the angle of incidence; hence the rays of the sun falling on any part of the earth, in a direction parallel thereto, has no sensible effect; thus in the morning and evening, its rays produce hardly any sensible warmth at all; yet I suppose it almost equally near us, as when on our meridian: it is therefore evident, that the obliquity of the sun's position in winter, compared with that of the summer, must greatly lessen the force of its rays; which, together with its longer absence, and shorter presence, in winter compared with the summer, is the real cause of the different temperatures.—Had the above instance, as produced, been correct, I am at a loss to conceive, how it could operate, to shew *heat*, a *distinct fluid substance*; but as the instance itself is so palpably fallacious, all deductions drawn from it must fall.—The verbosity also about the mountains, must all fall to nothing, with the above simple statement of an irrefutable fact; for it must be evident, that the declivities of the moun-

tains, excepting that facing the sun, must receive its rays in a very oblique direction, and the rays being always reflected in an angle equal to the angle of incidence, there can be on the tops of such mountains, next to no accumulation of sensible heat, by reflection, which constitutes so large a proportion of the summer warmth, of those who are situated on the plains. Some other corroborating causes may be assigned, for the stated phenomenon, but this may suffice to shew, that it is not produced by *heat*, being a fluid substance, distinct from *fire*.—Again, it is stated, "A piece of ice may lay within an inch of the focus of a burning lens, which is sufficiently powerful to vitrify a sword blade, and not be melted, for the course of a day, if no opaque body obstruct the convergent current of *luminous heat*.

Before I consider this instance minutely, I must again acknowledge myself at a loss, to understand what idea this writer intended should be affixed to the term, *luminous heat*; I have always been accustomed to attach the idea of brightness, shining, &c. to the adjective *luminous*. Are the congregated rays in the focus of a burning lens, when in contact with no opaque body, of this description? I believe not. The focus of a burning lens, when in contact with no opaque body, is completely invisible; and is not perceptible by any person, but by its effects, when brought in contact with some natural body.—The congregated rays therefore, in the focus of a burning lens, when obstructed by no opaque body, cannot be *luminous*, nor can it be sensible *heat*; being wholly imperceptible to the sight and all the senses; and thus precisely answering the description above given of *elementary fire*, or *absolute heat*, and such I take it to be; an artificial assemblage of *pure*, or *elementary fire*; which can be no ways known or discovered, but by its effects on natural bodies.

But, says SPECULATOR, if it were *material fire* it would melt the ice. Here again I am puzzled. What can be meant by the term *material fire*? That this powerful something that so instantaneously consumes every thing which is brought in contact with it, must be *fire*, I think nothing can be more evident, from its effects. That it is *material*, according to my idea of the word, cannot be less so. I do not recollect of hearing of more than two kinds of substances, viz. *spiritual*, and *material*, I conclude it cannot be a *spiritual* substance that thus burns and vitrifies matter, it must therefore be *material*; a *material fire*. Hence, I think it is safe to conclude, this *instance* again, is faulty; which states, if it were *material fire*, it would melt the ice quickly; whereas it is shewn, it can be nothing else but *material fire*, and yet it does not melt the ice. But the reason of the ice not melting in a certain position near the focus is obvious. All the rays of the sun which fall on the large lens, being regularly refracted or converged so as to meet, or rather cross, in a certain point, if no opaque body obstruct, or reflect them back, there must be a space, between the parallels of the extremity of the lens, and its focus, upon which no rays can fall, and in which the ice may lie as perfectly in the shade, as though on the north side of a house or barn.—This experiment may be easily made, by a common small burning glass, directed to the rays of the sun, and the hand applied to its focus; a round shadow about the size of the glass will appear, with a bright spot, the focus in the centre; but this brightness never appears till some body is brought in contact with it; when it becomes perceptible by its effects.

The gallery exhibition may be solved by the mechanic law above stated, let the person and metallic reflector, be so placed as to receive the rays from the culinary fire in the same oblique, or almost parallel direction, that the lump of snow receives them, and I am mistaken if there will not be two cold cheeks in the gallery.

It will be observed, that in the above remarks, the grand question, upon which some of our latest, and best writers, on Chymical and experimental philosophy, have been so divided (and which seems to be that obscurely aimed at by ZETESIS in his inaccurate queries) has not been touched upon; viz. Whether there be in nature such a substance existing as *pure*, or *elementary fire*, forming a constituent part of natural bodies, and producing the effects of *culinary fire*, *sensible heat*, &c. or whether these effects are not mechanically producible in any bodies, without such a powerful agent. The former doctrine, as coincident with my own opinion, I have taken for granted, in my reasoning; and shall only add, that if the arguments of a Homberg, Lemery, and Boerhaave, on the one side, and those of a Bacon, Boyle, and Newton, on the other, be inconclusive, to add any thing less so would be vanity in a

PLOWMAN.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

CENSORIOUSNESS.

Inscribed to Phosphorus Forillio, &c.

Censorious spirit! whose unfriendly aim,
Each fault would blazon—each defect proclaim—
To thee unknown are Pity's gentle cares;
The kind-constructive look Forbearance wears;
The veil of silence, Charity would throw,
To hide the failings even of a foe;
To thee unknown the generous regard,
For other's weal—our duty and reward;
With all those sympathies, which, when carest,
Induce a sense of heaven within the breast,
And feed the soul with such a rapturous flow,
As, in full tide, celestials only know.
Censorious spirit! oft thy envious dart,
From Virtue's shield recoiling, strikes thy heart;
And all the ills, thy malign wish prepares,
T'entrap another's peace, become thy snares:—
Caught in thy toils, a labyrinth of wo,
Is all the good thyself art doom'd to know:
Like her whom Milton paints, embodying Sin,
Thou too, art full of gnawing fiends within;
With thee, fierce passions, angry demons dwell,
And make thy seat on earth the vestibule of hell.

When from her lofty eminence of love,
Encircled by the concert of the grove,
Fair Candour looks upon thy low domain,
Thy bogs, and fens, and fog-encumber'd plain,
Where no bright rays the sons of genius cheer,
And nought but notes of discord strikes the ear;
Compassion kindles in her gentle eye,
At sight of those, who thus inglorious lie
Bound by thy spells, for 'tis by spells alone,
(O'er Virtue powerless) is held thy throne.
'Mong these in vision as the scene I view'd,
Led thither by reflective solitude,
A crowd appear'd, a frowning cynic throng,
Engag'd in conning some satyric song:
Each wore an emblem of the scribbling itch,
As fancy led—one shook a threat'ning *switch*;
One bluster'd boldly in a barber's *wig*,
And, one adorn'd him with a myrtle *sprig*:
One here there was, who, eager for a flight,
With wings of vanity his sides bedight;
And such the spell, tho' grov'ling in the mire,
He flapp'd his sides, and thought no bird flew higher.
Another, eager to excite amaze,
Himself bedizen'd in *Phosphoric* blaze;
While that trim gentleman FORILLIO,
And TOBY TWINKLE, and his *cousin* too,
Each drew a bow, and each with ardour try'd,
To pierce the songsters of the Fire-side:
(A race of warblers that adorn'd the woods,
Increasing beauty added to the floods,
Gave animation to the lonely way,
And charm'd the night with their responsive lay.)
Arriv'd but lately on the gloomy plain,
Gay SALLY BASHFUL, swept her length'ned train;
Vain of herself, as thro' the mire she shov'd,
In every step she deem'd a goddess mov'd;
And claim'd from every awe-confounded wight,
His humble homage as her native right.
She ogled TOM and TOBY; but for PHOS,
Him she pass'd by, his phiz was *mighty* cross;
And imitative of FORILLIO,
She in her taper fingers held a bow,
From which anon an arrow was let fly,
At graceful ARIEL as he flitted by:
Alas! the powerless shafts unheeded fall,
And prove that "disappointment waits on all."
Poor is the pleasure—fiend-like is that joy,
Which merely rises from the power t' annoy:
But when in vain is twang'd the wrathful bow,
Back on the wretch recoils a tenfold weight of wo.

Censorious spirit! such are the rewards,
By thee bestow'd on thy devoted bards.
How strange! that man, with heavenly reason blest,
Should fold so foul a being to his breast;
Breathe thy infectious breath, thy rage supply,
And catch distorted vision from thy eye.

Thy realm forsaking, from thy hated sway
I turn, a fairer beckons me away,
Come, Fancy, bear me to yon mountain's height,
Where no dark vapours drown the cheering light;
Where playful breezes waft sweet music's sound,
And Love, and Peace, and Concord, sport around;
Where Wisdom sheds abroad her lucid ray,
And Candour reigns in undisputed sway.

Amid these regions pensive ANGUS strays,
And decks the scen'ry with poetic lays—
Here tuneful ROLAND makes the welkin ring,
And ARIEL wanders on eccentric wing.
Illumining the ever-vocal grove,
Where hand in hand the social virtues rove,
Here shines the CANDLE with its modest light,
Like one of those fair orbs that grace the night:—
MATILDA, generous, love-fraught, gentle dame,
In the lone glen invokes her Henry's name;
His virtues whispers to the bubbling stream,
Her vespers mingles with the pleasing theme.

"In yon deep solitudes, and awful cells,"
Contemplative the aged DRUID dwells;
Oft from his cave he rolls the simple door,
To welcome those who come to hear his lore;
And when he sings, the trem'lous tongue of age,
Can win our wonder and our hearts engage.

Here would I wander with intrinsic worth,
Abstracted from the low pursuits of earth,
Breathe the pure air, draw clearness from the fount,
And follow Genius up the lofty mount.
But 'tis forbid—who portions every lot,
Has fix'd my dwelling in the humble cot;
My research limits to my native field,
What shall lie fallow, which shall produce yield;
To rise to labour with the opening morn;
To ted the hay, or crop the yellow corn;
To thresh the loaded sheaf, the ground prepare,
With tilth well fitted to the coming year:—
Such my employments, this the changeful round
Of cares, which tend the flights of thought to bound:
Yet would I hope, that, when the setting sun
Suspends my toil, and bids my task be done;
When loos'ned from the plough my sturdy steeds,
At freedom range among the fertile meads,—
Yet would I hope, ye bards, to hear your song,
In notes melodious pour our vales along:
Awake, ye bards, employ your heav'n-taught art,
As erst, "to mend the manners—warm the heart;"
Till, rous'd to energy, the idle swain
May learn t' admire, and imitate your strain.

CLEMENS.

Downings-Town, 9th mo. 8th, 1805.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

PERSEVERANCE.

THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR DUVAL.

M. Duval, professor of history and geography in the academy of Luneville, is the son of a peasant, and born in Burgundy, but came into Lorrain when a child, and was employed as a shepherd's boy, at a village near Nancy. His thirst after knowledge appeared in his very childhood, and, having no other means of gratifying it, he made a collection of snakes, frogs, &c. amused himself with examining these creatures, and was continually asking the neighbouring peasants why those animals were formed in such a particular manner? but the answers he received were generally such, as left him less satisfied than he was before. He once happened to see, in the hand of a country boy, Æsop's Fables with cuts, which made him still more desirous of learning than before. He could not read; and the boy, who was capable of gratifying his curiosity, was seldom in a humour to explain the animals, &c. represented in the cuts. In this distress, he determined to make himself master of the introduction to knowledge, however great the difficulties that attended it might prove. Accordingly he saved whatever money he could, and gave it to other boys who were older than himself, for teaching him to read. Having with incredible diligence attained his end, he happened to meet with an almanac, in which the twelve signs of the zodiac were delineated. These he looked for so constantly, and with such attention, in the heavens, that at last he imagined that he actually traced such figures there; and though he was mistaken in this and several other particulars, yet many of his observations were such as few others are found capable of, even after receiving regular instructions.

As he once passed by a print-shop at Nancy, he observed in the window a map of the world. This opened a field for new speculations; and, having purchased it, he employed many hours every day in perusing it. At first he took the degrees on the equator for French leagues; but upon considering that, in coming from Burgundy to Lorrain, he had travelled many such leagues, though on his map that distance seemed to take up a very little spot, he was convinced of the impossibility of his first conjecture.—But it must have been with incredible labour, and at the same time is a signal proof of his extraordinary genius, that he acquired a thorough knowledge of these and many other signatures on the several maps; which, as often as his purse could afford it, he afterwards procured.

His inclination for silence and retirement, made him weary of living among the noisy peasant boys; and induced him to visit some hermits who had their cells in a wood, about half a league from Luneville. He undertook to wait on them, and to tend six or eight cows which they kept. These hermits were, however, grossly ignorant; but Du Val had an opportunity of reading several books he found in their cells, and of getting many difficulties, that occurred to him, solved by persons who came to visit them. All the money he could obtain in his mean circumstances, was laid out in books and maps; and observing, on some of the latter, the arms of several princes, as griffins, spread-eagles, lions with two tails, and other monsters, inquired of a foreigner, whether there were any such creatures in the world? Being informed that these figures belonged to a particular science called heraldry, he minuted down this word, before unknown to him, and hurrying with all speed to Nancy, bought a book of heraldry, and by that book, without any other help, he became master of the fundamental principles of that science.

In this course of life Du Val continued till he arrived at his one-and-twentieth year, when, in the autumn of 1717, he was discovered watching his charge in the wood, and sitting under a tree, with his maps and books about him, by Baron Psutchner. This gentleman was then governor to the young prince of Lorrain, who happened to hunt that way. The baron thought a herdsman, with sun-burnt lank hair, dressed in a coarse linen frock, with a heap of maps about him, so extraordinary a sight, that he informed the prince of it, who immediately rode towards the place, and put several questions to Du Val about his way of living. Du Val shewed by his answers, that he was already master of the grounds of several sciences. Upon which the prince offered to take him into his service, and told him that he should go to court. Du Val, who had read in some books of morality, that the air of a court was infectious to virtue, and had also observed when he had been at Nancy, that the lacqueys of great men were riotous, debauched, and quarrelsome, frankly answered, "That he chose rather to look after his herd, and continue to lead a quiet life in the wood, with which he was thoroughly satisfied, than to wait on the prince; but added, that if his highness would give him an opportunity of reading curious books, and of making himself master of more learning and knowledge, he was ready to follow him or any body else." The prince was highly pleased with his answer; and, when he returned to court, prevailed on the duke his father to send this extraordinary herdsman to the Jesuit's college at Pont a-Mousson. When

he had finished his studies at that seat of learning, the duke permitted him to take a journey into France for his further improvement; soon after his return, gave him a professorship in the academy of Luneville, with a pension of 700 livres a year, and made him his own librarian, which is worth 1000 livres a year more, besides a handsome apartment.

He is of a most engaging modesty and politeness, and, far from being ashamed of his former low condition, takes a pleasure in relating the successive and gradual rise of new ideas in his mind, and the pleasing tranquility and uninterrupted content he enjoyed in a situation, in all appearance, mean and despicable. He still keeps an apartment in the hermitage, from whence the duke raised him to his present condition; and, to perpetuate his memory of the transaction, has had his picture drawn, in which he is represented just as he was, when discovered by Baron Psutchner, under a tree, with a landscape of the place, and the prince talking to him; this piece he has obtained leave to hang up in the duke's library.

[*Christian's Mag.*]

Reflection on the language of Brutes.

It has been much disputed whether brutes have any language whereby they can express their minds to each other; or whether all the noise they make consists only of cries inarticulate, and unintelligible even to themselves. We are, however, too little acquainted with the intellectual faculties of these creatures to be able to determine this point. Certain it is, that their passions, when excited, are generally productive of some peculiar cry; but whether this be designed as an expression of the passion to others, or only a mechanical motion of the muscles of the larynx, occasioned by the passion, is what we have no means of knowing. We may indeed, from analogy, conclude, with great reason, that some of the cries of beasts are really expressions of their sentiments; but whether one beast is capable of forming a design, and communicating that design by any kind of language to others, is what we submit to the judgement of the reader, after giving the following instance, which among others is brought as a proof of it by Father Bougeant.——"A sparrow finding a nest that a martin had just built, standing very conveniently for him, possessed himself of it. The martin, seeing the usurper in her house, called for help to expel him. A thousand martins came full speed, and attacked the sparrow; but the latter being covered on every side, and presenting only his large beak at the entrance of the nest, was invulnerable, and made the boldest of them who durst approach him repent of their temerity. After a quarter of an hour's combat, all the martins disappeared.—The sparrow thought he had got the better, and the spectators judged that the martins had abandoned their undertaking.—Immediately however, they returned to the charge; and each of them having procured a little of that tempered earth with which they make their nests, they all at once fell upon the sparrow, and inclosed him in the nest to perish there, though they could not expel him. Can it be imagined that the martins could have been enabled to have concerted this design all of them together, without speaking to each other, or without some medium of communication equivalent to language?

Ibid.

The following account of an extraordinary instance of affection between a male and female Parrot, is extracted from Bingley's Animal Biography.

A male and female of this species, (the Ethiopean or Guinea parrot) were lodged together in a large square cage. The vessel which held their food was placed at the bottom. The male usually sat upon the same perch with the female, and close beside her. Whenever one descended for food, the other always followed; and when their hunger was satisfied, they returned together to the highest perch of the cage. They passed four years together in this state of confinement: and from their natural attentions and satisfactions, it was evident a strong affection for each other had been excited. At the end of this period, the female fell into a state of languor, which had every appearance of old age: her legs swelled, and knots appeared upon them, as if the disease had been of the nature of the gout. It was no longer possible for her to descend and take her food as formerly; but the male assiduously brought it to her, carrying it in his bill, and delivering it to hers. He continued to feed her in this manner with the utmost vigilance, for four entire months. The infirmities of his mate, however, increased every day; and at length she became no longer able to sit upon the perch: she remained now crouched at the bottom, and from time to time made a few useless efforts to regain the lower perch; while the male, who remained close by her, seconded those feeble attempts with all his power. Sometimes he seized with his bill the upper part of her wing, to try to draw her up to him; sometimes he took hold of her bill, and attempted to raise her up, repeating his efforts for that purpose several times. His countenance, his gestures, his continual solicitude; every thing, in short, indicated in this affectionate bird, an ardent desire to aid the weakness of his companion, and to alleviate her sufferings. But the scene became still more interesting, when the female was on the point of expiring. Her unfortunate companion went round and round her without ceasing; he redoubled his assiduities and his tender cares; he attempted to open her bill, in order to give her some nourishment; his emotion became every instant redoubled: he went to her and returned with the most agitated air, and with the utmost inquietude:—at intervals he uttered the most plaintive cries; at other times, with his eyes fixed upon her, he preserved a sorrowful silence. His faithful companion at length expired: he languished from that time, and survived her only a few months.

From Semple's walks, and sketches at the Cape of Good Hope.

In one of our morning walks about the town, observing a considerable crowd before the door of a house, my friend and I went up and enquired what was going forward, and were informed that it was a public sale of all the effects of a colonist deceased. Scarcely had we joined the crowd, when the auctioneer mounted upon a chair and struck for some time upon a round plate of brass, as a signal that the auction was going to begin. Immediately all was attention. Numbers of articles were put up and disposed of; till, growing tired of the scene, we were going away; a short pause however, and then a murmur in the assembly, announcing that something else than trifles was going to be produced. We accordingly waited a moment, and soon saw a black man coming forward through the crowd: "Ah!" said Charles, "they are going to dispose of the family slaves, let us stop a little longer."

The first that was put up was a stout native of the Mozambique coast. His look was sad and melancholy, his hands hanging down clasped together as if they were bound, and his eyes fixed upon the earth. When he heard that his lot was determined, and that he was sold for 600 rix dollars, he raised his eyes up heavily to look for his new master, and followed him out of the crowd without speaking a word; but we thought that his cheek was wet with tears, and perhaps we were right; for the purchaser told us with some expressions of compassion, that he had been a great favourite of his deceased friend. Many more were put up, the household of the deceased having been very numerous, but on the countenances of all of them, sorrow and the humiliation of slavery, were the predominating features. At length an object was presented which almost made us weep: a mother was brought forward with a little girl of three years old clinging to her, which they wished to tear from her, whilst she, dreading the threats of her owners, feebly told the child to leave her, at the same time that she folded her arms around it. "Put them together, put them together," said every voice; it was consented to, and the woman kissing her child, and leading it by the hand, advanced to the spot appointed. Whilst they were bidding for her, she looked anxiously round in every countenance, as if imploring compassion. Her price was bade up to seven hundred dollars, which the auctioneer repeated a long time without any body seeming willing to say more.—"The man who has bought her and the child," said one who stood next to us, "has the reputation of being very cruel to his slaves. "Has he?" said Charles, whilst the blood rushed into his face, but he has not got them yet." Seven hundred and ten, cried he, with a voice trembling with eagerness. Every body turned their eyes upon us, and the mother and the little child looked full in Charles' face. Seven hundred and twenty, said the man, starting up; thirty, cried Charles; fifty, said the other; eight hundred, bade Charles; the man bit his lips; a long pause ensued; eight hundred and one, said a mild looking old man whose humanity I was well acquainted with; Charles drew back, and the poor slaves were allotted to a mild master.

When we had got into the street, I could not help remarking how lightly Charles walked along, and how his eyes glistened with the pleasing reflection of having done a good action. Every now and then also, he exclaimed to himself, "poor child! poor child! I have saved you some stripes, however," and then he would walk on so fast that I could scarcely keep up with him.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

Madame de Tolmond said to Voltaire, "I think, Sir, that a philosopher should never write, but to endeavour to render mankind less wicked and unhappy, than they are. Now you go quite the contrary. You are always writing against that religion, which alone is able to restrain wickedness, and to afford us consolation under misfortunes." Voltaire was much struck and excused himself by saying, that he wrote only for those, who were of the same opinion with himself.

Tronchin assured his friends, that Voltaire died in great agonies of mind. "I die forsaken by God and man," said he, "in those awful moments, when truth will force its way." "I wish," added Tronchin, "that those, who had been perverted by his writings, had been present at his death. It was a sight too horrid to support.

Premiums adjudged by the Society of Arts.

"An easy and efficacious method of cleansing feathers from their animal oil, and fœtid smell, by immersion in clean lime-water, had been shewn, for which the society have adjudged to Mrs. Ann Richardson, the premium of twenty guineas.

"A cheap and efficacious means of removing the dirt from dyed silks, printed cottons, carpets, and woollen goods, has been discovered by Mrs. Ann Morris. It is effected by the mucilaginous liquor formed by grating raw potatoes into water, and applying the clear liquor, cold, with a sponge. This process removes dirt without injury to the delicate colours of silk or cloth. The Society have voted to her the sum of fifteen guineas."

White-wash for houses; or Varnish for out walls.

A correspondent has communicated the following receipt for making white-wash, which, he says, he has used for a long time, and recommended it to many, to whom it has always given satisfaction:—Take, in the following proportion; 1 peck of lime, from the kiln, dissolve it in skimmed milk, add 1 lb. of common turpentine (not spirits of) and half a peck of fine white sand, boil the whole for at least half an hour, and continue to keep it boiling hot until laid on with a brush. It need not be mentioned that it must be well stirred, in order to render the mixture complete.—This varnish is permanent, and more impervious to the weather than any other in use. If there be any moss on the wall, it must be carefully taken off, otherwise the lime will destroy the moss, and become open.

[*Del. Museum.*]

July 13, 1805.

A CHEAP, DURABLE PAINT,

Is obtained from the following composition:—To one gallon of common lamp oil, take 8 ounces of roll sulphur, and 6 ounces of rosin; dissolve the rosin and sulphur over a slow fire, then add the oil, and when they have boiled half an hour, put in such colouring matter as shall be wanted to make the paint of the usual thickness, and let it be laid on while boiling hot.

Experiments in this place, prove, that one coat of the above, will remain more perfect at the termination of 12 years, than those made with common flaxseed oil, at the end of 6 years. [*ibid.*]

Brandywine, July 24, 1805.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

OFFICIAL.

FOREIGN.—Preliminaries of peace with Tripoli, were signed on the 2d day of June last, and on the same day captain Bainbridge, the officers and crew of the late frigate Philadelphia, were liberated.

The following is an extract of a letter from Commodore Rodgers* to the Secretary of the Navy, dated

"*U. S. ship Constitution, June* 8, 1805.

"The Bashaw, conscious that by a continuance of his obstinacy, his town would fall a sacrifice to our forces, in the course of the summer, proposed to us terms of peace, which left us no interest or motive in not acceding to them, as he acknowledged that he felt sensible our forts would be sufficient to reduce his town, and oblige him to retire to the mountains. This acknowledgment at once precluded the possibility of acquiring any honour by our arms; but indeed the re-

* Commodore Barron owing to the debilitated state of his constitution was constrained to resign the command of the squadron to Captain Rodgers, on the 22d of May.

verse, as it would have been persecuting an enemy, who, in anticipation of our vengeance, by his own acknowledgment, felt himself more than half vanquished, and who perhaps in his savage perturbation, might have carried his resentment to the sacrifice of 300 of our unfortunate countrymen, whom chance had placed in his power."

The following is a copy of a letter from captain Hull of the Argus, to Commodore Barron, dated

"*Argus, (Derne,) April* 28.

"SIR,

"I have the honor to inform you, that at 9 o'clock in the morning of the 27th, being about ten miles to the eastward of the town of Derne, with the Hornet in company, we discovered the Nautilus at anchor, very close to the shore, which led us to suppose that captain Dent had fallen in with Mr. Eaton's army, as he had been sent on shore for that purpose the day before. We made all sail for the Nautilus, and at half past 10, spoke her, and was informed by captain Dent, that he had had communication with Mr. Eaton the night before, and that he wished the field pieces landed as soon as possible, that Mr. Eaton intended to make an attack as soon as he could get possession of them, being then only about two and a half miles from the town of Derne, and the enemy having sent him a challenge. I hoisted out our boat and sent the field pieces on shore, with such supplies as Mr. Eaton wanted; but on approaching the shore we found it was impossible to land the guns, without hauling them up an almost perpendicular rock 20 feet above the boat, but with the perseverance of the officers and men sent on this service, they effected the landing of one of them, by hauling it up the steep rock. Mr. Eaton finding that we should lose time in landing the other, he sent it off again, informing me that he should march for the town, as soon as he could possibly mount the field piece, that he had on shore—I gave Lieut. Evans orders to stand close in shore to cover the army whilst they were preparing to march, in case the enemy should come out against them, as they had already made their appearance in large numbers outside of the town. I gave orders for the necessary preparations to be made for the attack by sea upon the town and batteries, and stood down very close to the town. At 2 P. M., Mr. Eaton began the attack by land, at the same time the Hornet, Lieut. Evans anchored with springs on her cables within 100 yards of the battery of 8 guns, and commenced a heavy fire upon it, the Nautilus took her station to the eastward of the Hornet, about half a mile distant from shore, and opened upon the town and batteries; the Argus anchored a little without, and to the eastward of the Nautilus, and began firing on the town and batteries. The fort kept up a heavy fire for about an hour, after which the shot flying so thick about them, they abandoned it, and ran into the town and gardens back; the guns of the vessels were then turned on the beach, and kept up a heavy fire upon the enemy, to clear the way for the few brave Christians Mr. Eaton had with him, to enter the fort, as they were gaining ground very fast, though a heavy fire of musquetry was constantly kept up upon them, from behind the houses and old walls near the shore.

At about half past 3 we had the satisfaction to see Lieut. O'Bannen of the Marine corps, and Mr. Mann, midshipman of the Argus, with a few brave fellows with them, enter the fort, haul down the enemy's flag, and plant the American ensign on the walls of the battery. On turning the guns of the battery on the town, they found that the enemy had left them in great haste, as they were primed and loaded at their hands.—Whilst our men were turning the guns of the battery on the town, Hamet Bashaw had taken possession of the back part of it, which brought the enemy betwixt two fires, that soon silenced them, and about 4 in the afternoon we had complete possession of the town and fort; sent all our boats on shore for the purpose of carrying ammunition to the fort, and to bring off the wounded men as soon as possible, that they might be dressed.—Mr. Eaton gave the necessary orders at the fort and went into the town to see every thing quiet, and to make arrangements for its being well guarded, during the night. At half past five he returned on board, to get his wound dressed, having received a musquet ball through his left wrist.—On collecting our men we found one killed and thirteen wounded—a list of which is inclosed. I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant. (Signed) ISAAC HULL."

List of killed and wounded at the taking of Derne.

John Wilton, Marine, killed,
Wm. Eaton, Esq.
Capt. Lucca, a Greek,
David Thomas, } Marines,
Bern'd. O'Brien, }
And nine Greek Christians.
} Wounded.

Letters have been received from the Hon. Mr. Bowdoin, dated at St. Andero, where he arrived after a passage of 33 days. The usual quarantine restrictions were dispensed with in his favour, and he was permitted to land soon after his arrival, and met a very polite reception. Soon after his debarkation, Mr. B. became ill, and as Madrid is considered an unhealthy place, he had concluded not to repair thither till the approach of cool weather, and to pass the intermediate time in London, for which place he had procured a passage.

Captain Fairchild, of the ship Aurora, from Havanna, informs, that three days previous to his sailing, the American Consul shut his office, and declined doing any business in consequence of some dispute with the Spanish government, on the subject of the depredations committed by Spanish cruizers on the commerce of the United States; several masters of vessels, who have been taken, plundered, and sent into Batbaano and other places in the island, having applied to the Consul for redress.

A Mistake.—The schooner Jane, late captain Allen, of and from Boston, bound to Barcelona, being close on the Spanish coast, and near her port of destination, fell in with a Maltese privateer, which from her built it is supposed, captain Allen mistook for a Tripolitan cruizer, and without waiting until she came up, got his boats out, and rowed ashore, with all hands;—the Maltese on coming up, and finding the vessel entirely deserted, took possession of her, and brought her into Malta, where he has libelled for salvage.

DOMESTIC.—An encampment is prepared at *Rose Mount*, about one mile from the city, on the Ridge Road, for the reception of the poor of Southwark, and there are about one hundred and seventy persons, who have removed thither, and others are daily removing.

Summary of the City Hospital Report.

	Admitted.	Died.	Discharged cured.
7th inst.	10	3	1
8th do. } 9th do. }	20	6	2
10th do.	9	5	3
11th do.	10	4	2
12th do.	9	2	3
13th do.	6	6	3

Remaining in the hospital 47, fifteen of whom are convalescent.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, from the 31st ult. to the sixth instant. Adults 53, Children 36—Total 89.

From the 6th to the 10th instant.

	Adults 37	Children 15.
11th	22	6
12th	7	8
13th	12	3
	78	32—Total 110.

The Mayor of Baltimore has issued his proclamation, interdicting the communication between that city and Philadelphia.

A malignant fever has made its appearance in New York; and Bellevue Hospital is opened for the reception of the sick. The Custom-House, Banks, and other public offices have been removed from the eastern part of the city, in consequence of its prevalence. During one week ending the 7th inst. 64 deaths occurred in that city.

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